



JULY No. 83

Richie Rich



12¢

Richie Rich

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

BY THE
COMIC
CODE



NEW



Richie Rich

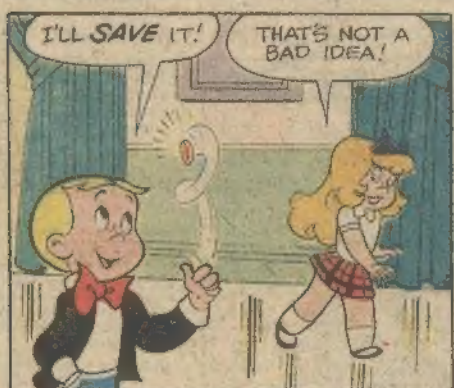
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY



REMEMBER, YOUNG FRIENDS- MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED!

WELL, I WAS ABOUT TO BUY YOU A SODA, GLORIA-BUT I GUESS I WON'T!

I'M NOT THIRSTY ANYWAY-



I'LL SAVE IT!

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!



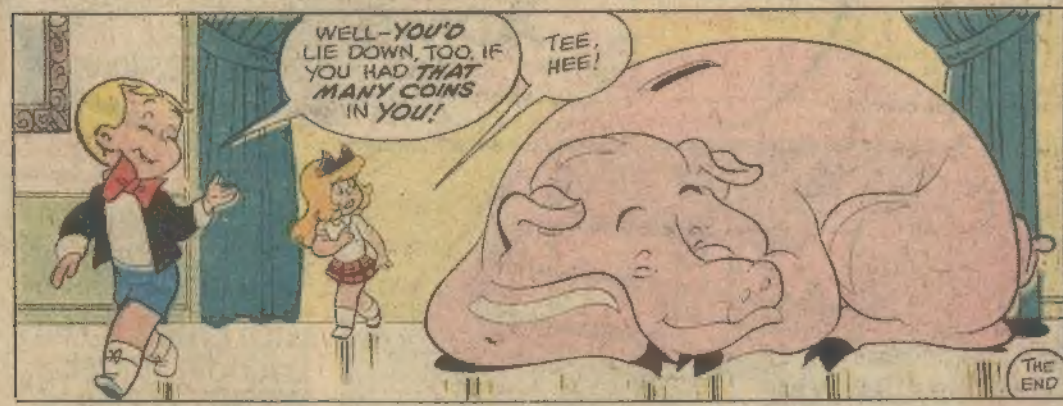
I SHALL TAKE IT TO MY NEAREST PIGGY BANK!



PLINK!



I NEVER SAW A LYING DOWN PIGGY BANK BEFORE!



WELL-YOU'D LIE DOWN, TOO, IF YOU HAD THAT MANY COINS IN YOU!

TEE, HEE!

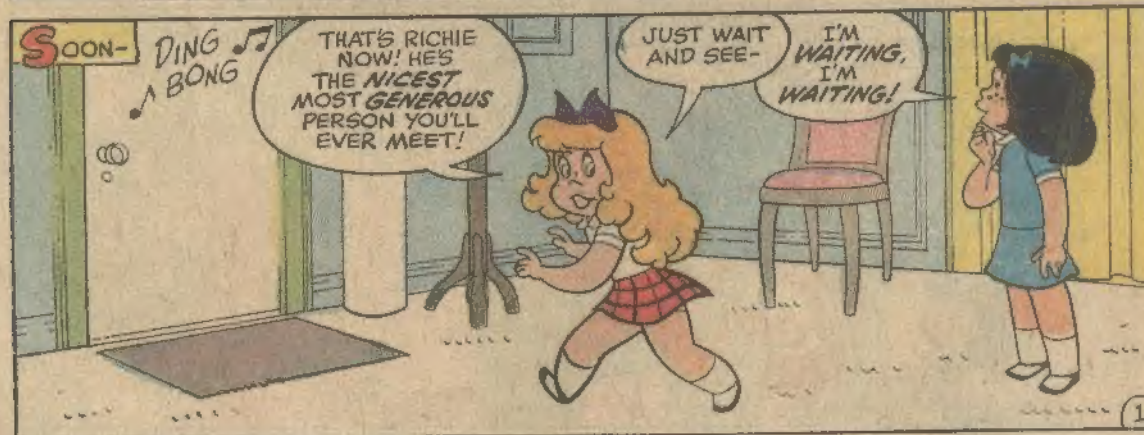
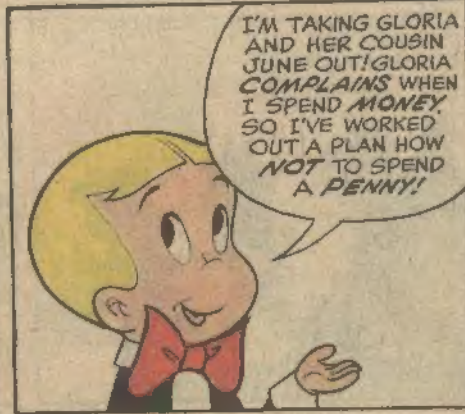
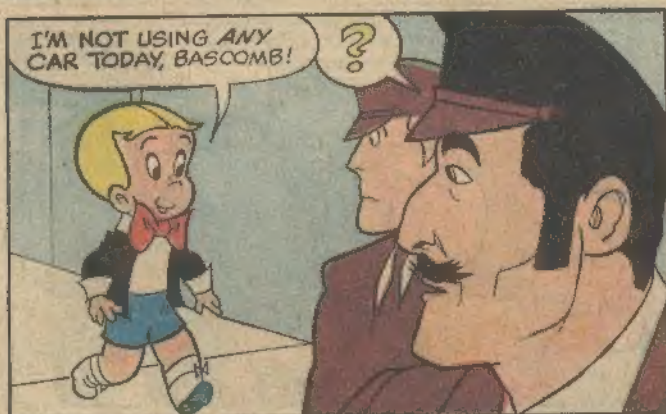
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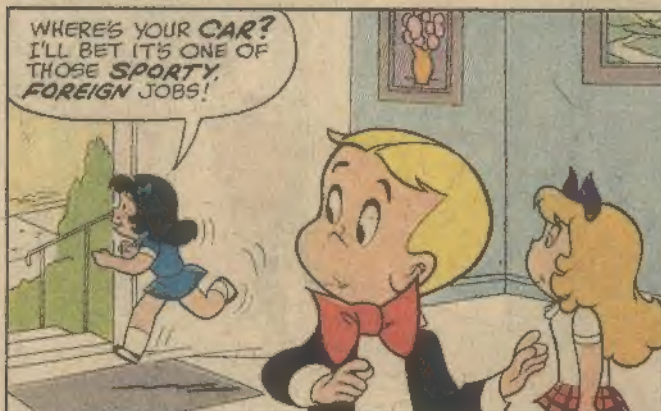
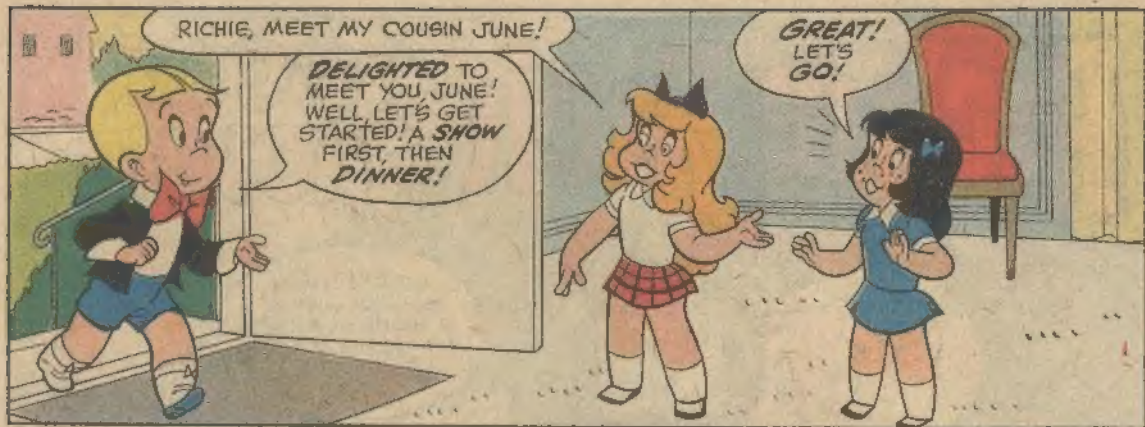
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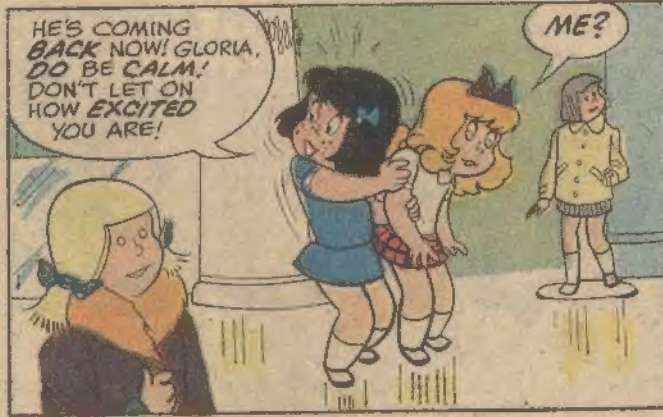
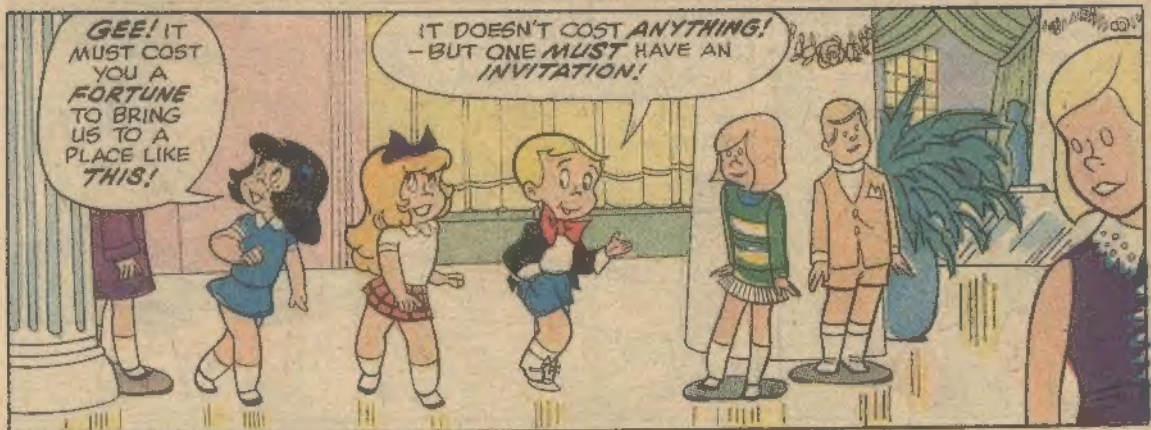
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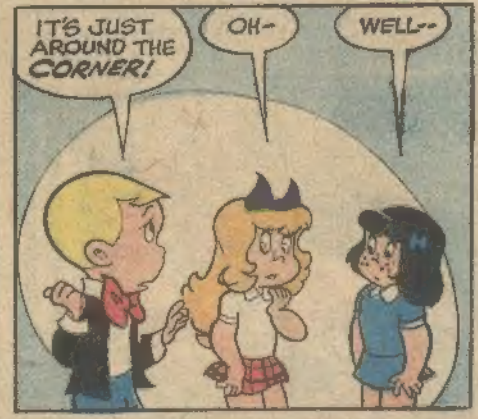
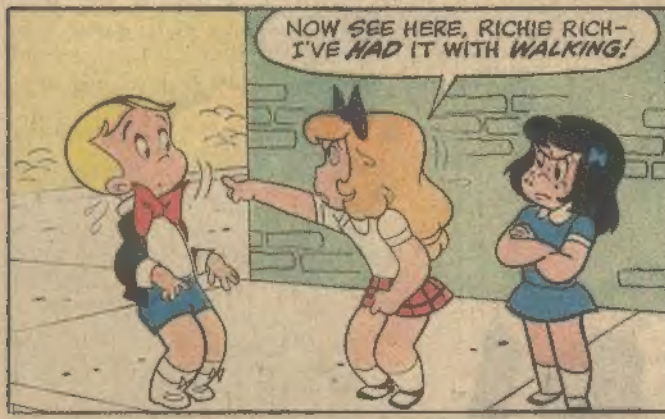
Richie Rich IN POOR SHOWING

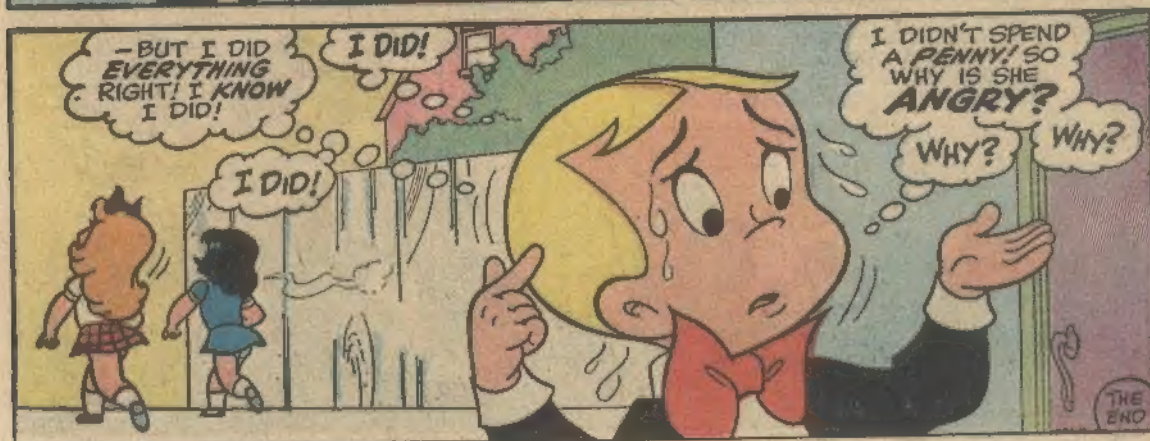
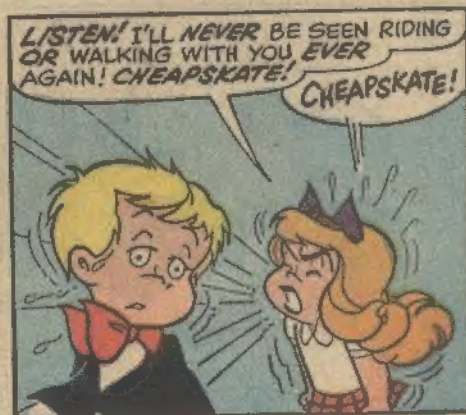
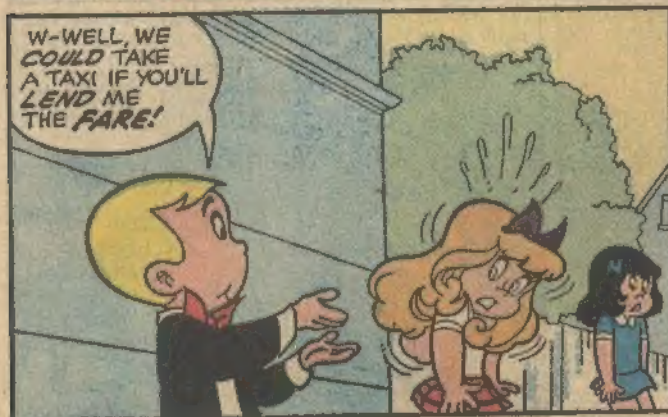
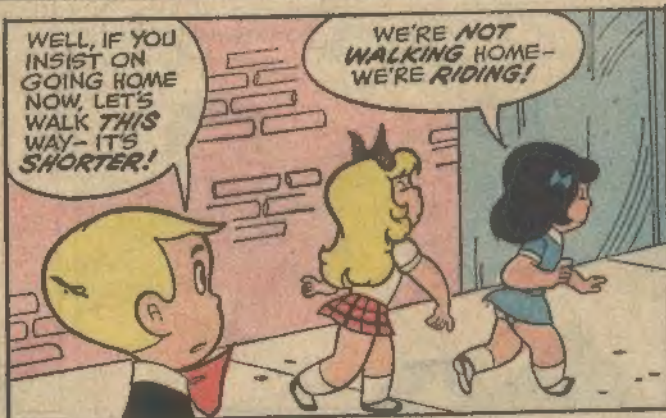
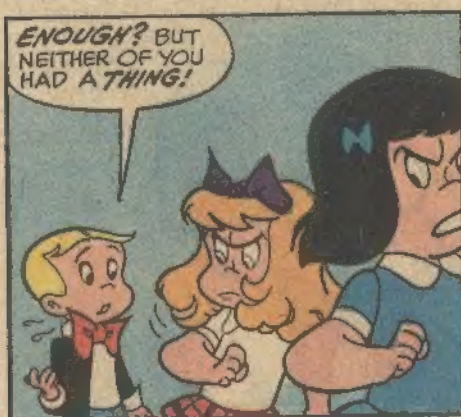
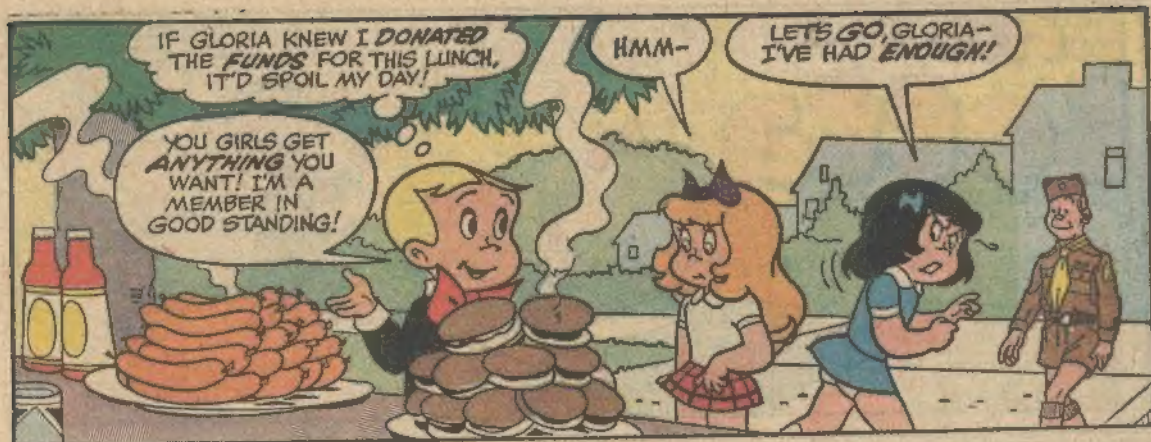
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY











Little Lotta

GERALD! YOU'RE
RIGHT ON TIME
FOR OUR MOVIE
DATE!

YEAH! LET'S
GO SEE
A GOOD
WESTERN,
LOTTA!

WHO WANTS TO SEE A STUPID OLD
WESTERN? I WANT TO SEE SOMETHING
ROMANTIC!

YEAH, BUT WE SAW THE KIND
OF PICTURE
YOU WANTED
THE LAST
TIME WE
WENT TO
THE MOVIES!

AW, ALL RIGHT! WE'LL
SEE A STUPID OLD
WESTERN!

YOU KIDS
ARE LUCKY!
YOU'RE GETTING TWO OF THE
LAST SEATS IN THE HOUSE!

GEE! LOTTA, THIS WORKS OUT GREAT FOR BOTH
OF US! FROM WHERE I SIT, I CAN SEE THE
WESTERN! AND FROM WHERE YOU SIT,
YOU CAN SEE ROMANTIC STUFF!

BANG! BANG!

Little Lotta

GEE! HERE'S A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO PUT ONE OVER ON LOTTA!

MY MOTHER WARNED ME SHE'D GIVE ME A FLOGGING IF I EVER PESTER LOTTA AGAIN! ...BUT MOM'S NOT HOME...



OUCH!

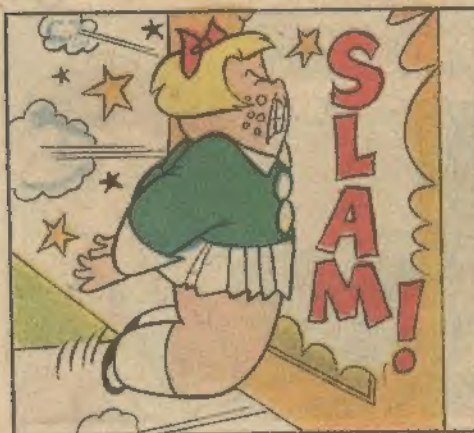
PING!



I SAW YOU DO THAT, GARY!



SLAM!



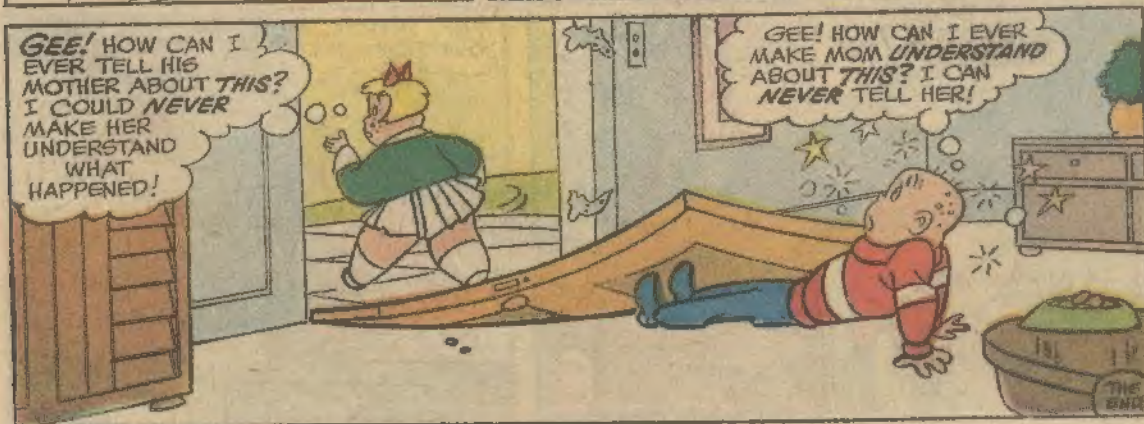
OPEN UP!

WHAM!



GEE! HOW CAN I EVER TELL HIS MOTHER ABOUT THIS? I COULD NEVER MAKE HER UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED!

GEE! HOW CAN I EVER MAKE MOM UNDERSTAND ABOUT THIS? I CAN NEVER TELL HER!



Richie Rich

Don't Look at Me Like That!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

YES, RICHIE, SOME OF THESE DEVICES WERE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED BY MY SCIENTISTS WHILE THEY WERE WORKING ON PEACEFUL PROJECTS!

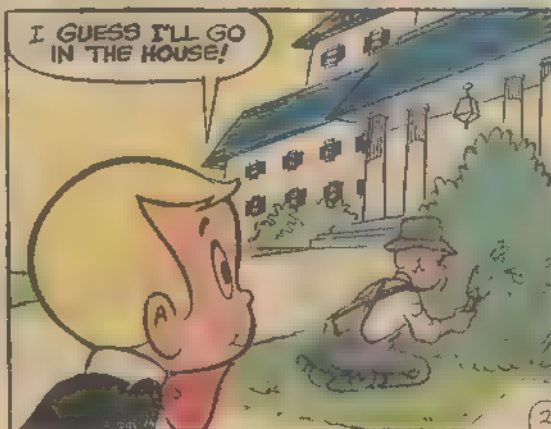
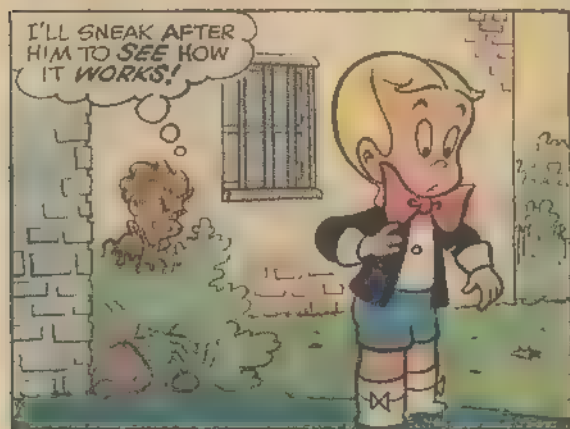
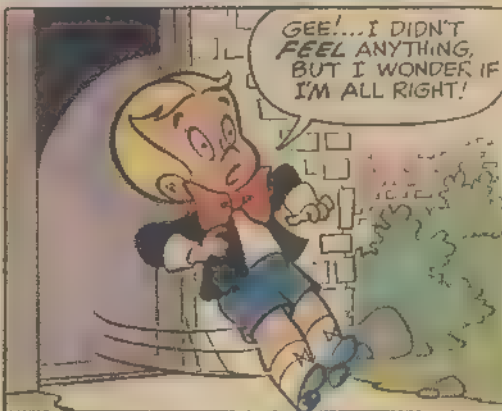
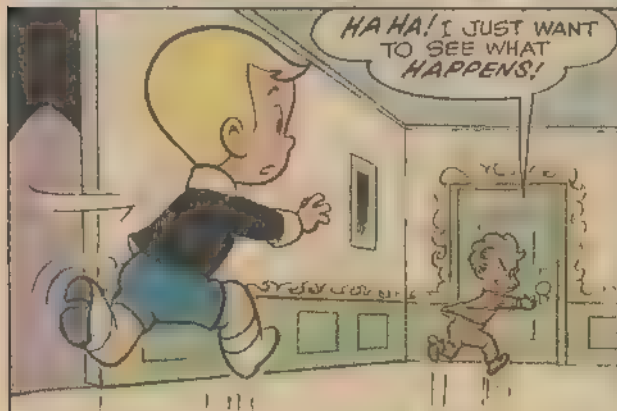
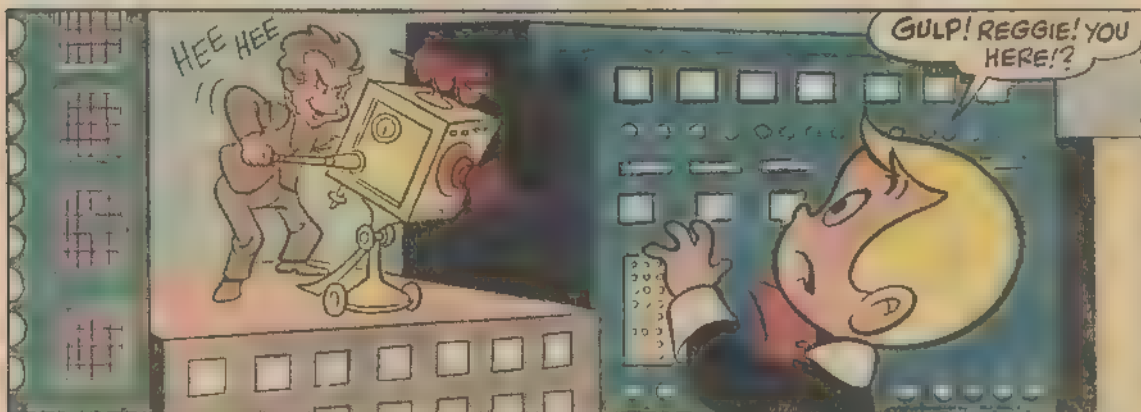
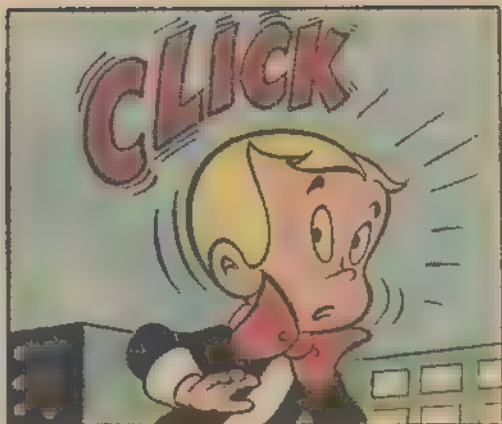
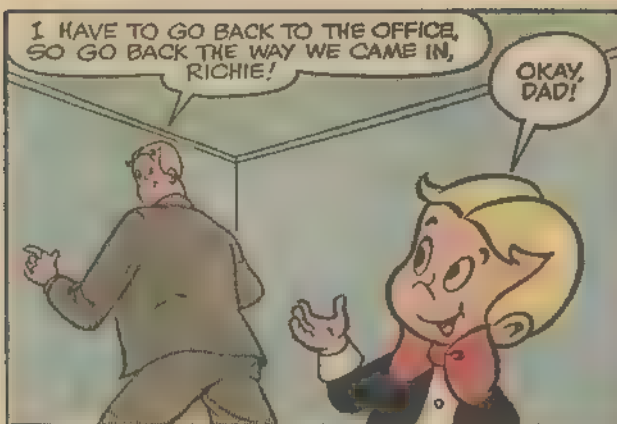
WHAT'S THAT ONE, DAD?

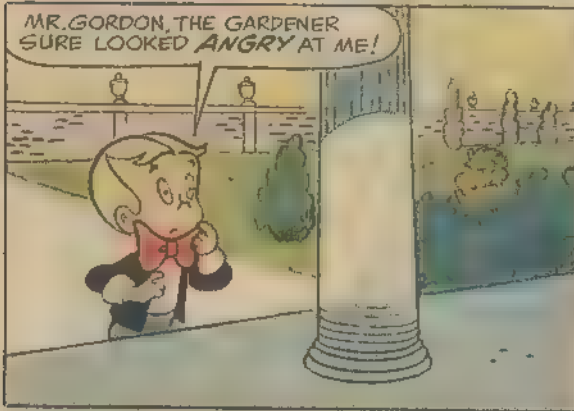
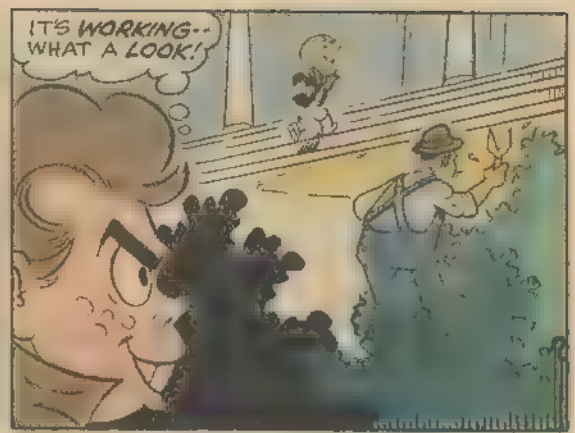
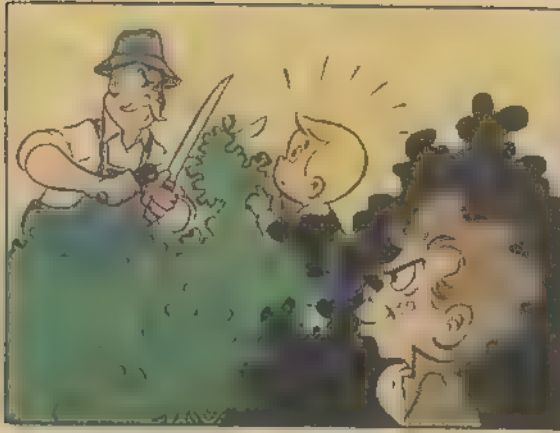
THAT ONE WE CALL A *PERSECUTION RAY*... IT WILL MAKE A PERSON FEEL HE'S BEING *HATED*!

BOY! I'D LIKE TO TRY THAT ON MY DEAR COUSIN RICHIE!

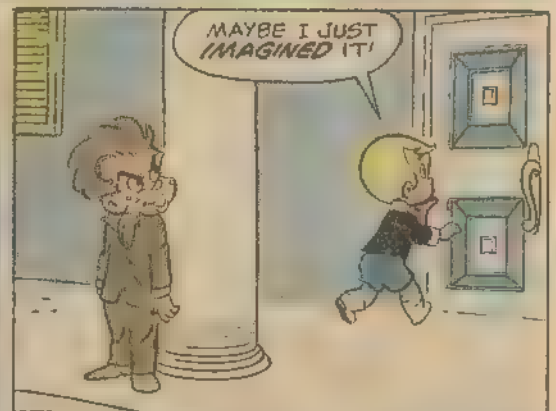
I'D SURE *HATE* TO BE *HATED*!

YEP! THERE'S A *SWITCH* ON IT!

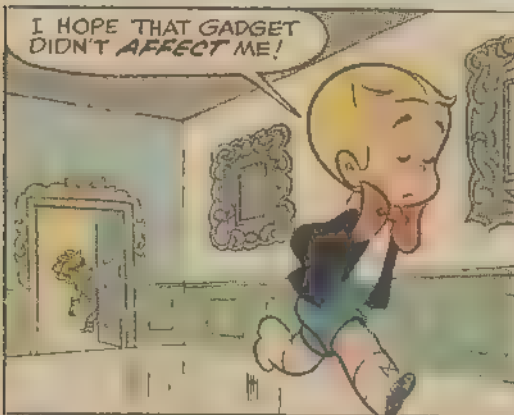




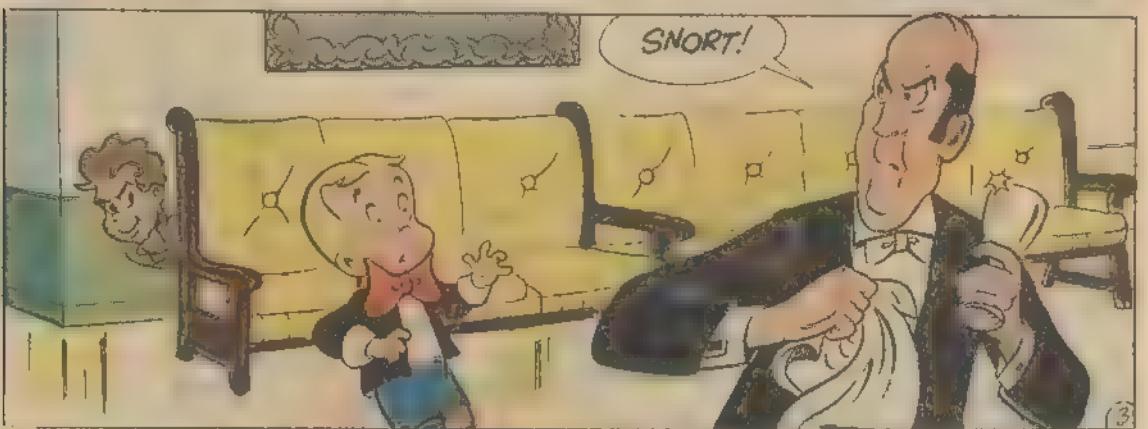
MR. GORDON, THE GARDENER
SURE LOOKED **ANGRY** AT ME!



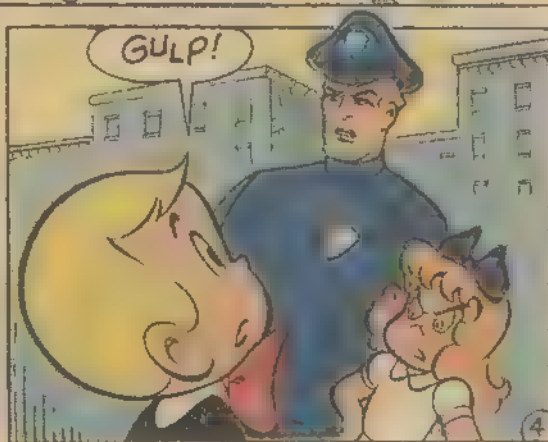
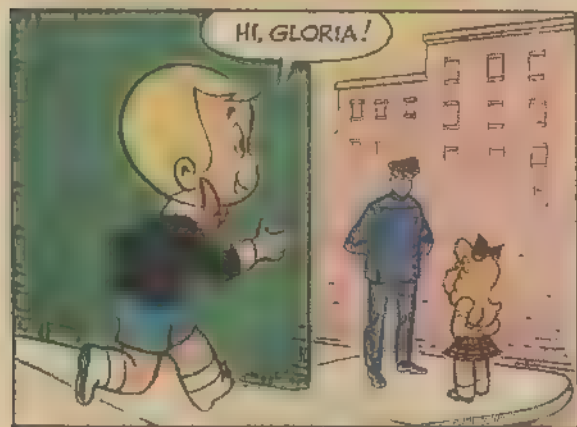
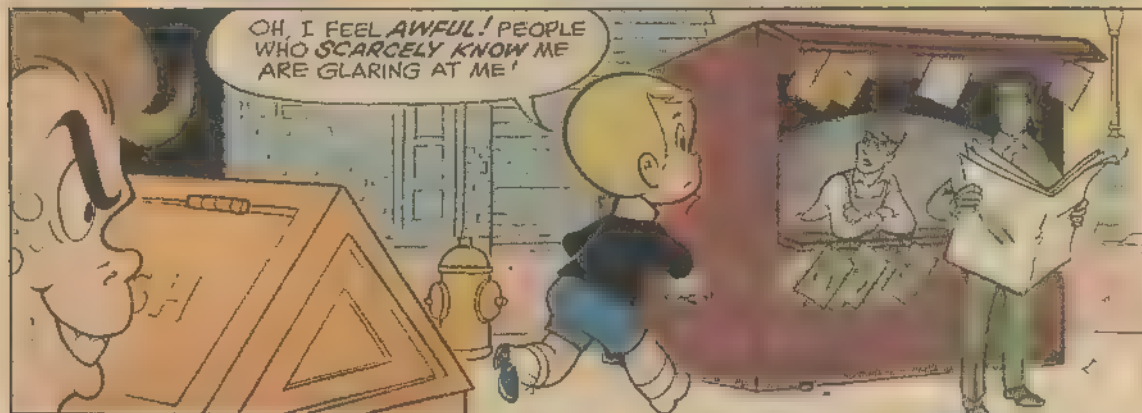
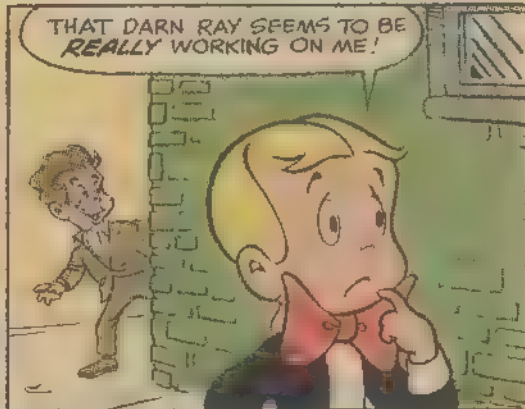
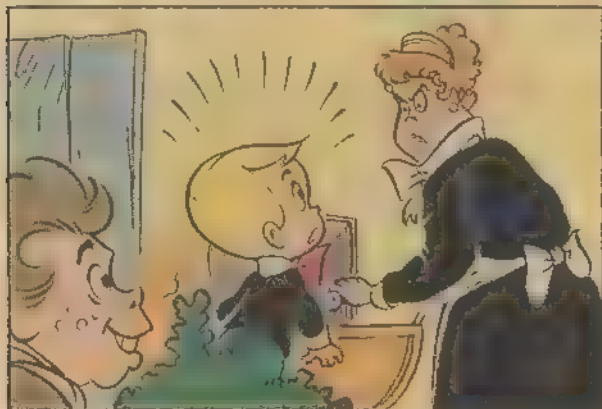
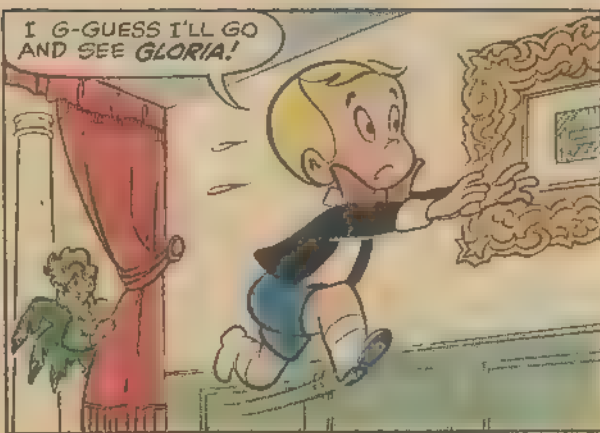
MAYBE I JUST
IMAGINED IT!

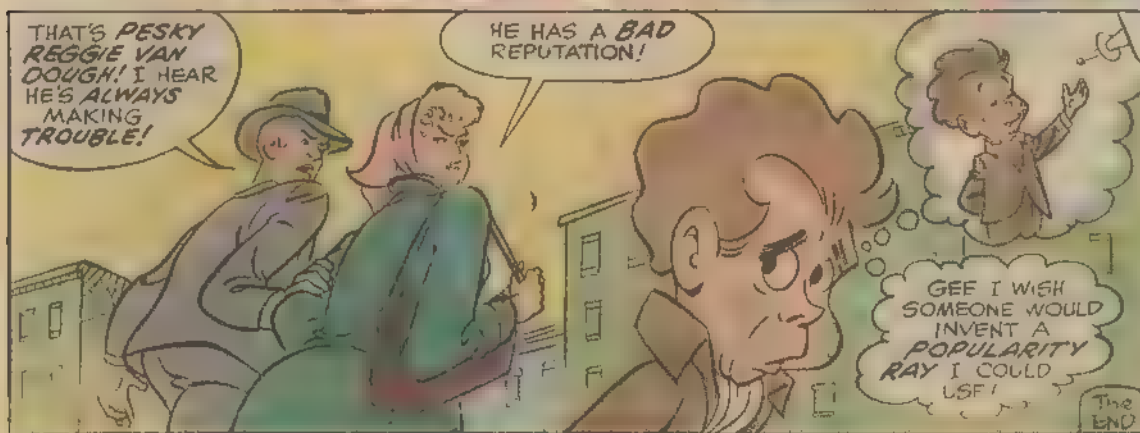
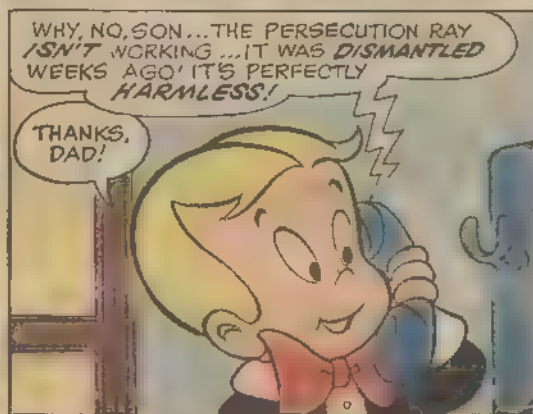
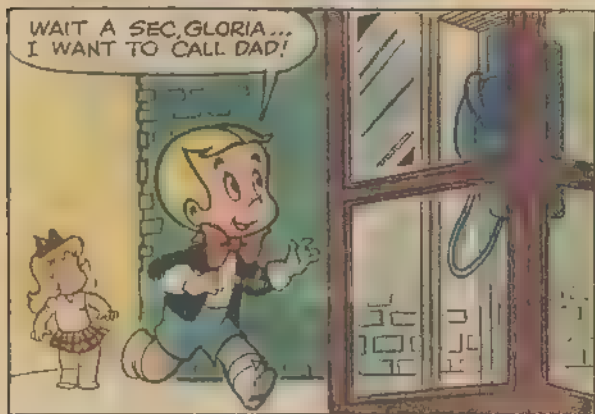
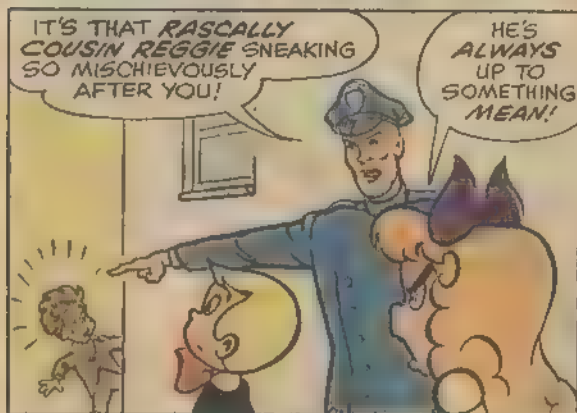
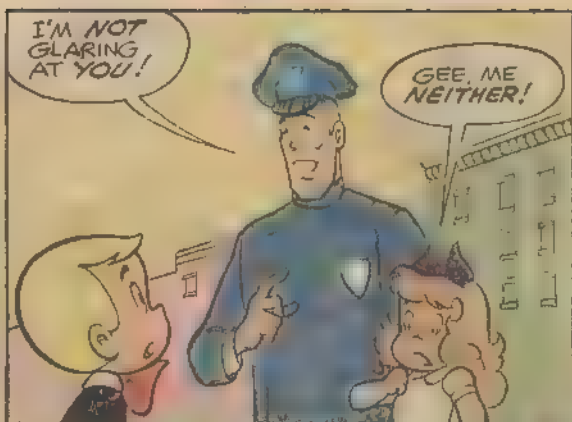
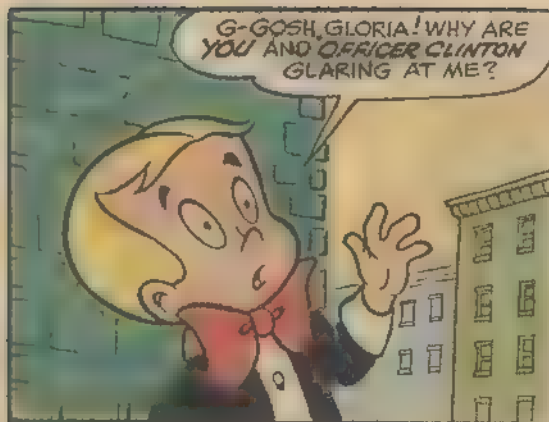


I HOPE THAT GADGET
DIDN'T **AFFECT** ME!



SNORT!

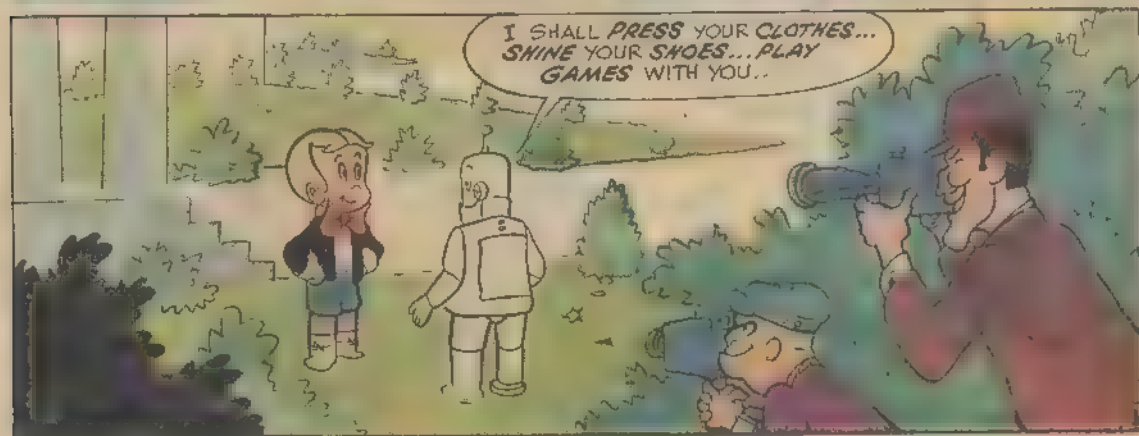
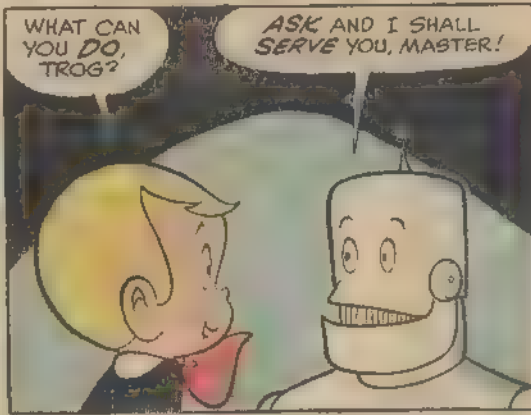
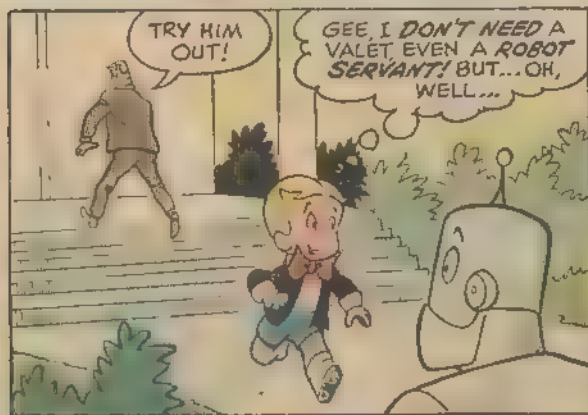
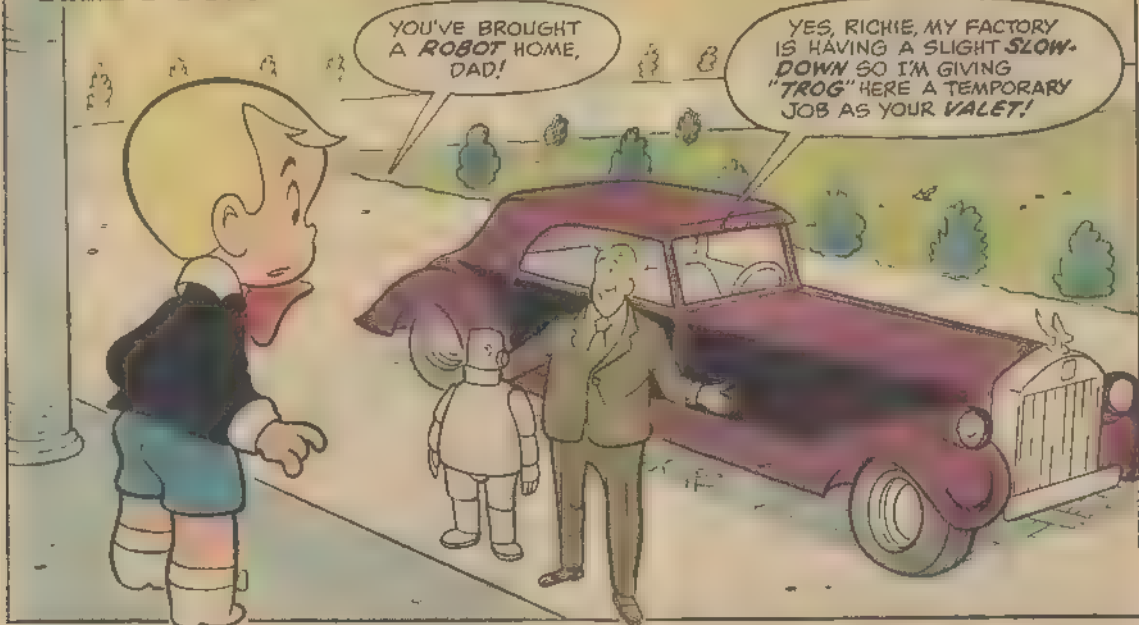


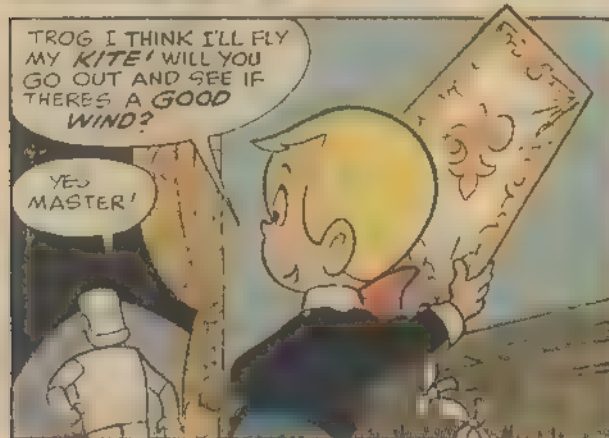
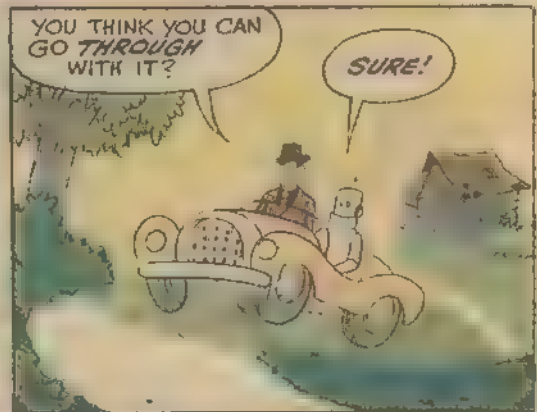
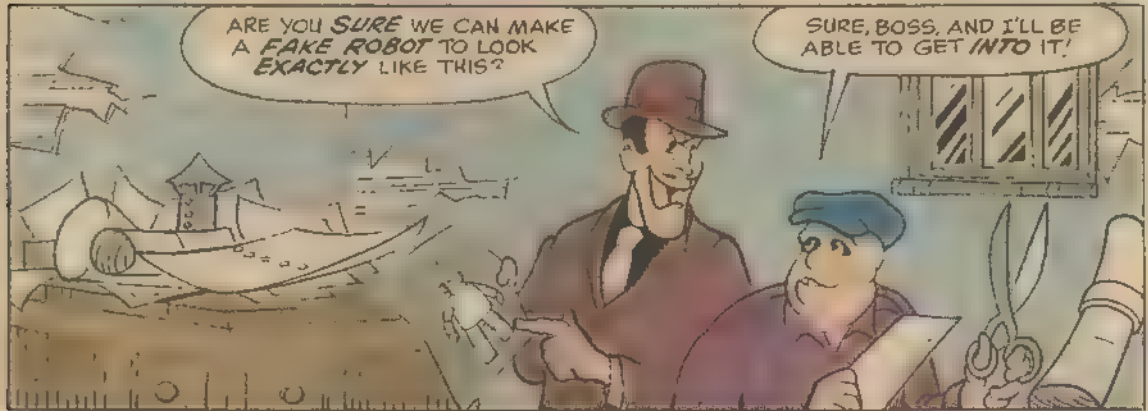
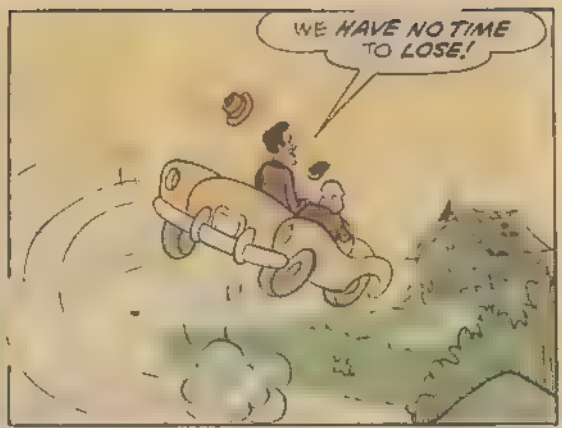


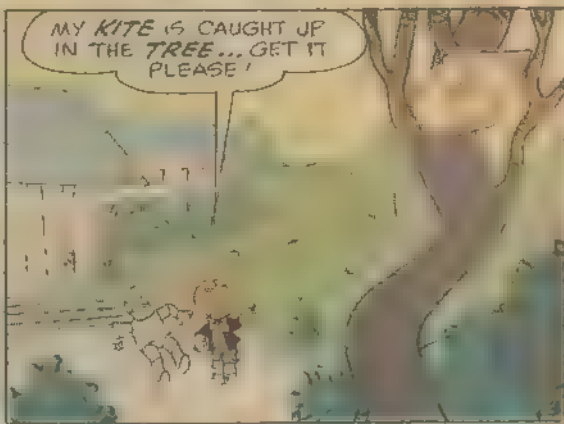
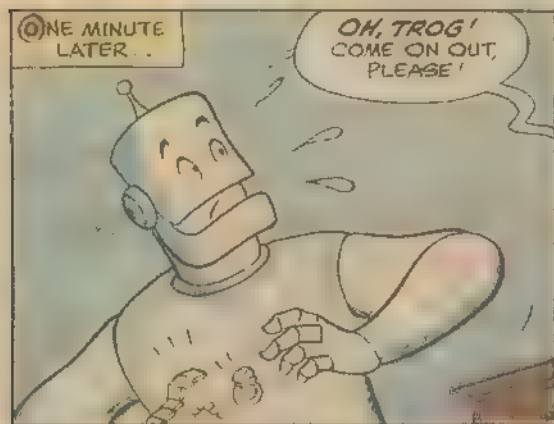
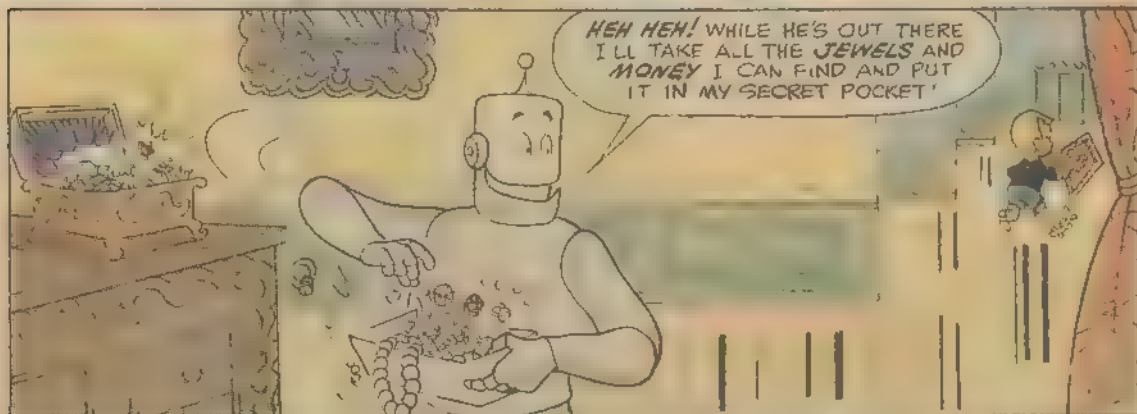
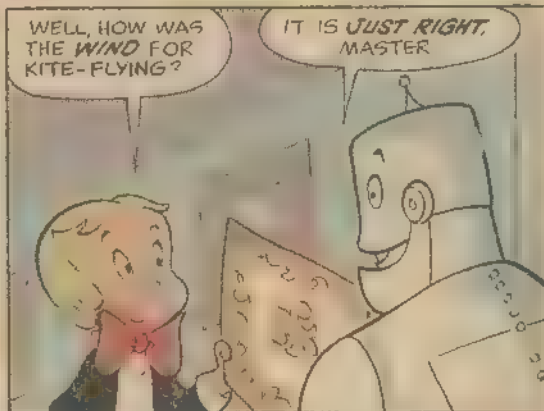
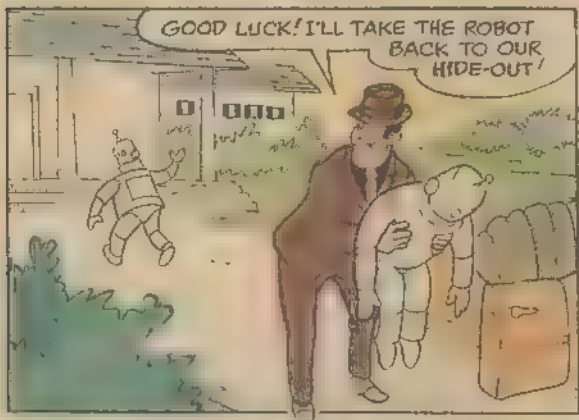
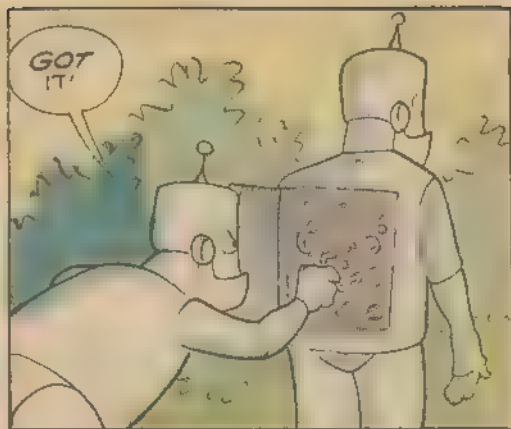
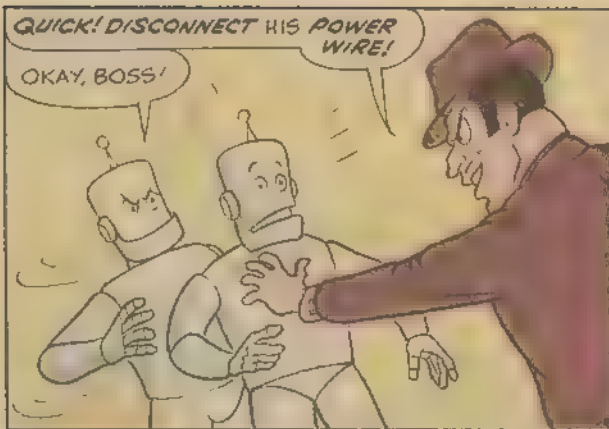
Richie Rich

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

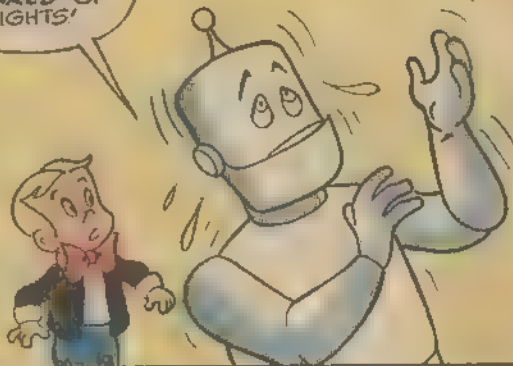
MONKEYING WITH ROBOTS







B-BUT I'M
SCARED OF
HEIGHTS!

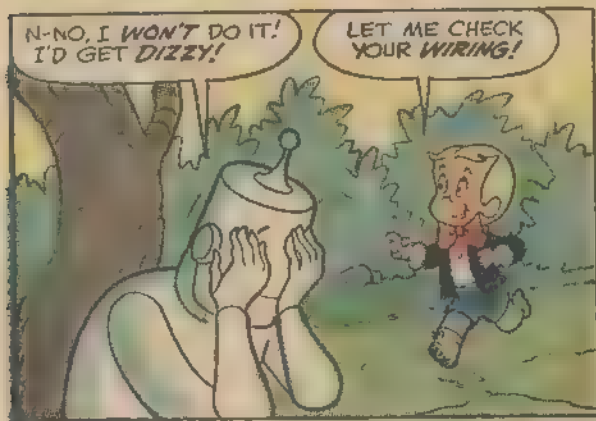


HA HA HA! YOU'RE KIDDING!
I KNOW ROBOTS, BEING
MACHINES, HAVE NO
FEAR!

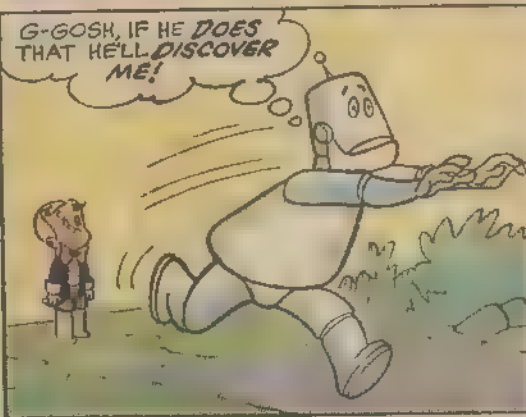


N-NO, I WON'T DO IT!
I'D GET DIZZY!

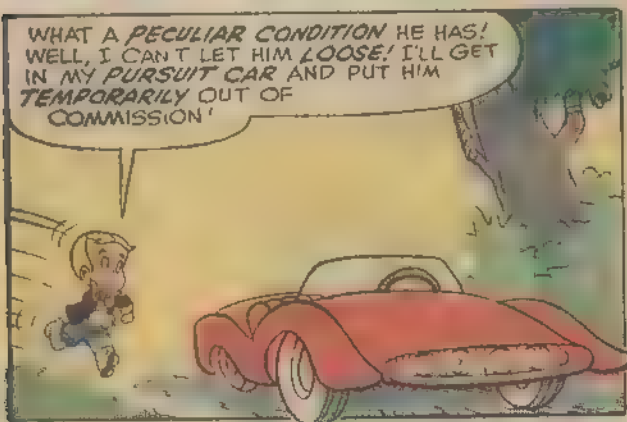
LET ME CHECK
YOUR WIRING!



G-GOSH, IF HE DOES
THAT HE'LL DISCOVER
ME!



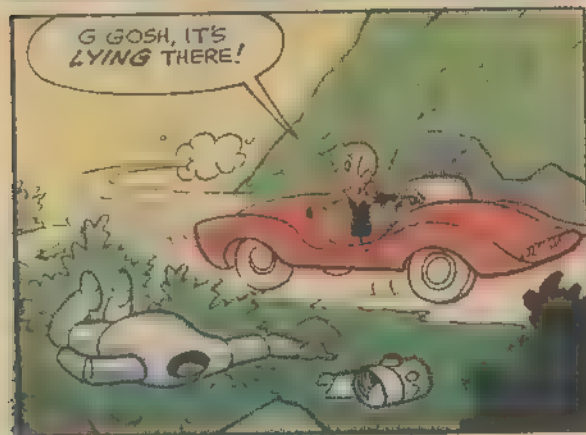
WHAT A PECULIAR CONDITION HE HAS!
WELL, I CAN'T LET HIM LOOSE! I'LL GET
IN MY PURSUIT CAR AND PUT HIM
TEMPORARILY OUT OF
COMMISSION!



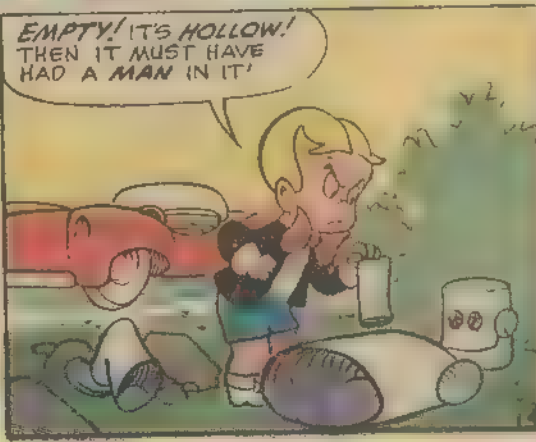
I'VE GOT TO
CHUCK THIS
HEAVY SUIT
SO I CAN
R-RUN
BETTER!

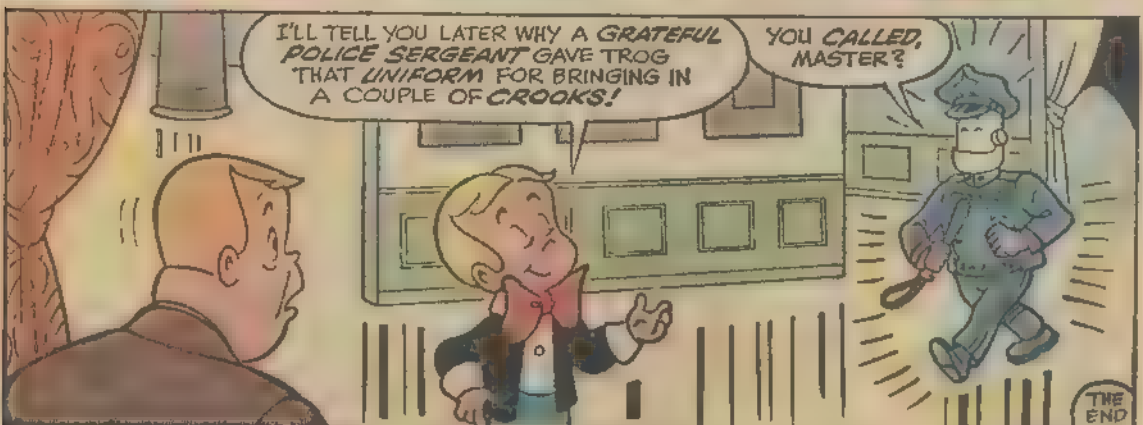
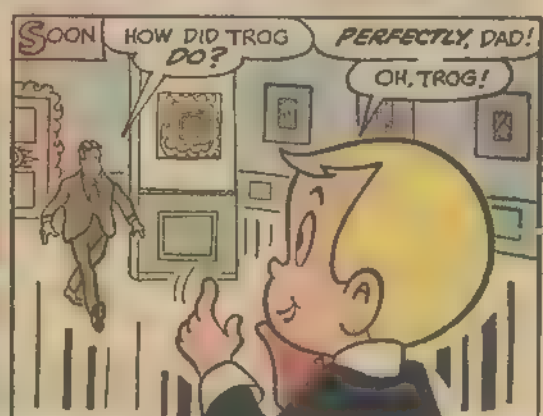
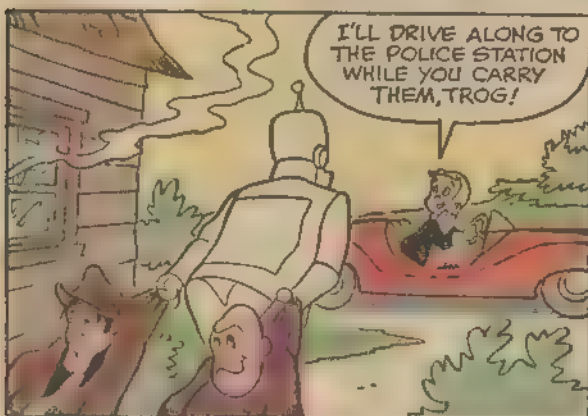
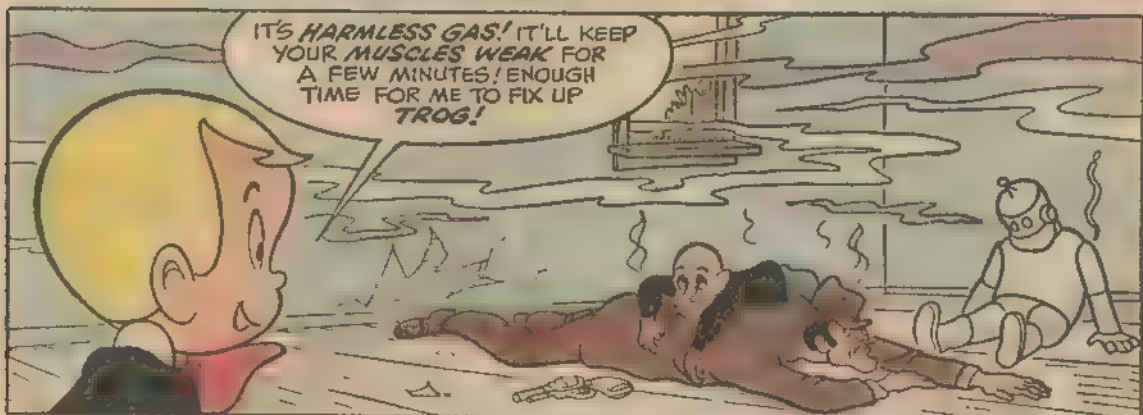
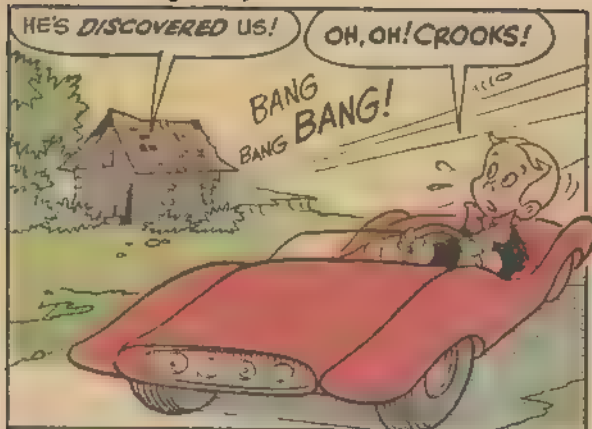


G GOSH, IT'S
LYING THERE!



EMPTY! IT'S HOLLOW!
THEN IT MUST HAVE
HAD A MAN IN IT!





RICHIE presents SNORKEL

Snorkel was a shark . . . a big, unfortunately ugly and ferocious-looking shark. And the reason it was unfortunate was because Snorkel wasn't really ferocious at all. On the contrary, he was a kindly, gentle soul who wanted more than anything else in the world to be friends with all the other fish in the sea.

But everywhere he went, it was the same story. "Hello," Snorkel would smile at a school of minnows.

"Aiiieeeee!" the minnows would shriek in terror. And then with a *whoosh* they'd be gone . . . all of them . . . so quickly that you'd think they'd never been there at all.

Poor Snorkel. It wasn't *his* fault that his smile revealed a set of sharp, jagged teeth that could scare the wits out of the most stout-hearted of minnows.

Or . . . "Hello," Snorkel would call, swimming up to a group of lazying swordfish.

And . . . "Aiiieeeee!" the swordfish would yelp. And *swish*, they'd be gone, their sharp noses knifing through the water to clear the way for their escape.

Poor Snorkel. It wasn't *his* fault that when he swam his body plowed through the waves like an armored tank, ready to rip apart even the sharpest swords among the swordfish.

And that's the way it was with all the other ocean inhabitants. Every time Snorkel

approached them, they fled in fear . . . leaving the unhappy shark just as alone and lonely as ever.

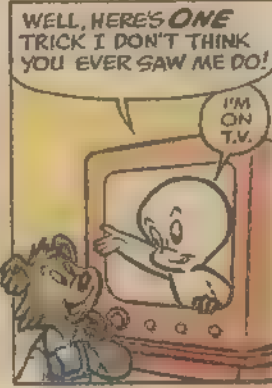
"What am I going to do?" he wondered in despair. "Won't I *ever* find someone to talk to me . . . or play with me . . . or love me?"

But there was no answer to his questions . . . and no one to whom he could go for advice and guidance. Not when everybody ran away at the mere sight of him! So day after lonesome day, Snorkel roamed the ocean alone, always searching . . . and never finding. There was so much kindness, so much love in his heart . . . that no one wanted . . . that sometimes he thought it would burst.

And then one day Snorkel was captured! At first, he didn't know what was happening to him. But he was frightened, and he fought wildly against the powerful nets that engulfed him. His huge body lashed the water into a raging fury . . . but the nets held. Then he could hear the excited voices of the men who were hauling him in, and he realized the terrible truth. He was caught . . . trapped . . . probably doomed to death!

But no! He wasn't harmed at all! Instead, his captors took him to a big city aquarium . . . where hundreds of other fish lived and played in the sheltered protection of great glass tanks. Safe behind their walls of glass, they waved and smiled to the big shark. And so did the thousands of boys and girls who came each day to the aquarium to see him. Disaster had turned into success! Snorkel's dreams had come true! And at last he was a *happy* shark!

CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST



RICHIE presents

BOY, OH BOY

Private Desmond Domar was having the perfect furlough . . . for Private Desmond Domar. He was resting, taking things calmly, and at the present time was taking a leisurely walk through the park.

He didn't have a care in the world, and for the first time since his last furlough, he was really enjoying the world. He happily viewed the sunshining sky, and . . .

"Ouch!" screamed Desmond suddenly. He was brought back to earth with a bang — a bang on his foot!

A little boy had dashed by him and slammed down with all his might on the top of Desmond's foot.

"Catch that boy!" a woman now shrieked.

Desmond took off like a streak, as if the woman's voice was his sergeant's. He quickly caught the little boy, who looked like a five year old, but who had the strength of an M-1 rifle.

"Hold on, young fellow," said Desmond. "I think your mother's calling you."

"Leave me alone! Leave me alone!" was the boy's answer. And he underlined it with a swift kick in Desmond's shins.

Before Desmond could finish his "Ouch!" the boy's mother arrived on the scene.

"Oh, thank you, Private, thank you," she said. "That son of mine sure is a problem."

Desmond nodded, and was all set to

leave, when the woman asked, "Would you give me a little help with him, sir? Would you help me take him out of the park?"

It must have been the "sir" that won over Desmond. Any other reason would be crazy. So with a forced smile, he accepted his new role as an MP to a problem child.

Desmond was more than just helping the boy's mother. She turned the entire project over to Desmond . . . gladly. And the project quickly turned up his heels. He kicked, he bit, he punched, he pinched. And Desmond was quickly becoming a patchwork of black and blue marks. The boy's mother, meanwhile, just stared ahead and walked on silently.

Desmond was willing to accept these atrocities, until the little boy finally hauled off and whacked him in the eye.

"This is the limit!" said Desmond, and proceeded to slap the boy's backside.

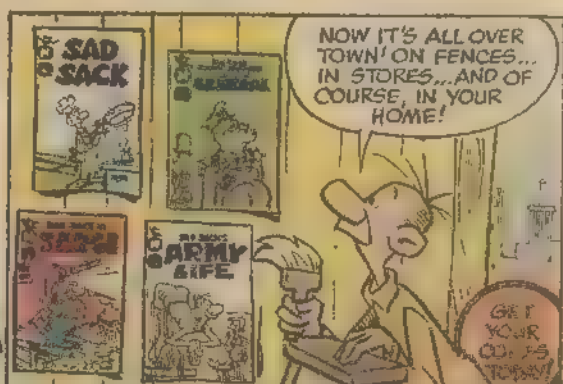
"What are you doing?!" shouted the mother, suddenly coming alive. Then she proceeded to throw punches at Desmond. And if the boy was an M-1, she was a machine gun.

Her arms finally tired, she cuddled the boy to her and said, "Let's get away from this terrible man! He's a disgrace to his uniform!"

As Desmond picked himself off the ground, he heard the woman's voice trail away with, "I'm going to write Washington about this!"

Desmond hoped she would as he walked away. He figured he'd finally get a Purple Heart.

SAD SACK

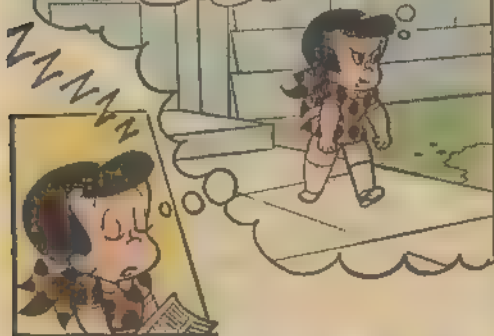


Little DOT ^{ON} THE DOTIFIER

FOR CORN SAKES!
THE NERVE OF "ZIPPIES!"
USING SQUARES IN
THEIR ADS!

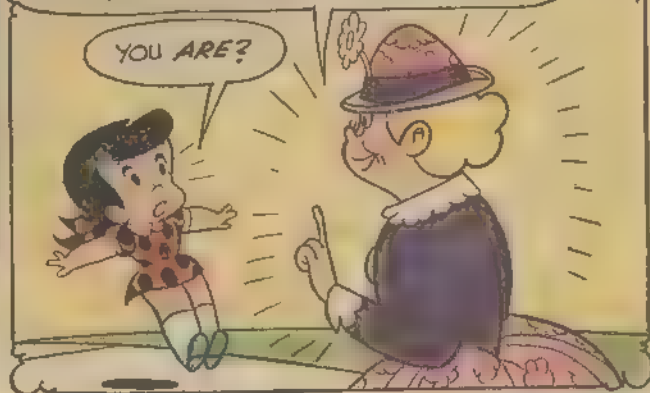


SOON... NO ONE SHOULD USE A
SQUARE WHEN THEY CAN
USE A DOT!



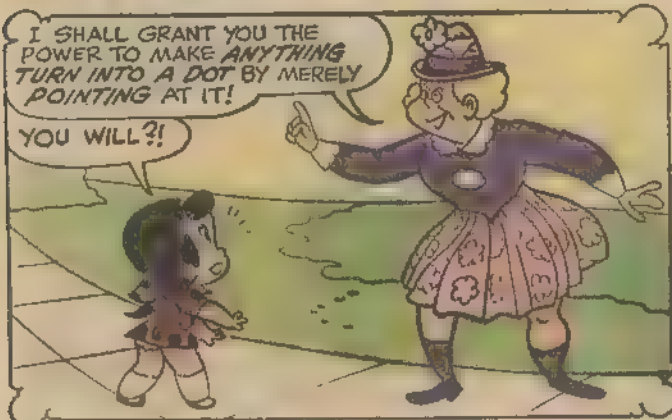
HELLO, DOT! I'M YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER!

YOU ARE?

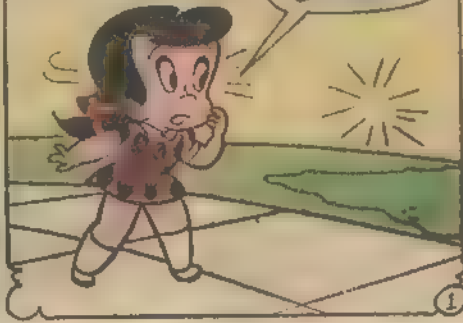


I SHALL GRANT YOU THE
POWER TO MAKE ANYTHING
TURN INTO A DOT BY MERELY
POINTING AT IT!

YOU WILL?!



WOW! THAT'S WHAT IT IS WITH
FAIRY GODMOTHERS! ONE MOMENT
THEY'RE HERE—THE NEXT, THEY'RE
GONE!



SAY, THERE'S THAT SAME "ZIPPIES" AD ON THE BILLBOARD WITH THE SAME SQUARES!

